

APPENDIX



By WALDON FAWCETT

effect that he is being held as a hostage are, on the face of them, absurd, but should he show any disposition to take his departure, a request would doubtless be transmitted that he remain quietly in Washington for the time being. Any such proceeding will be wholly unnecessary, however. We are a man of too much refinement and too deeply concerned by the tragic events of the past month to be impelled to any action solely by thoughts of personal safety.

The Old Sultan's Purple Trousers Presented to General Bates.

A guard of East Indian soldiers saluted us as we entered the gates. We crossed through a gate and, finally, on the second floor, we were met by a Chinese official, a black, tattooed-looking gang of natives and others. The Chinese took us into a long room and asked us to take our seats at a table, upon which were dishes of cakes, fruit and candies. We sat down and the Chinese official, who sat next to me, offered me a glass of soft drink. We ate, and drank coffee, and smoked a cigar or two before coming to business. After this there was a complete discussion about the new Chinese difficulties in the Philippines. The Chinese official, Mr. Maizy, had several complaints to make as to the treatment of his subjects by the American soldiers in the various islands of the Philippines.

A Pen Picture of the Suluan.

Imagine a stocky little fellow of not over 5 feet 4 inches, with the face of a mutton, slightly beak-nosed. Let him have a high, broad forehead, a pair of small, black, sensual lips, on the upper one of which is a thin, black mustache. Upon his head put a blue velvet cap about six inches high, with a black band and a black, yellow forehead. Let him seem uncomfortable in a light business European suit and a white shirt with a turnover collar, fastened by a gold collar button. Watch him walk. He will walk with a swag. He will be jet black, and, see, if you can, the sly, cunning, cruel look under his apparently

The Sultan appeared before the walls of the town on a white horse, accompanied by five or six of his eunuchs, who were dressed in velvet and throat. They were dressed in brilliant colors, all wearing turbans and all carrying their barongs and knives. Some had long spears and others were armed with rapiers.

The Sultan himself was in evening dress, although it was 10 o'clock in the morning. His white shirt was dirty and he wore no collar. He had a large pearl ring on the middle finger of his right hand and a large diamond stud accentuated the dirt on his shirt bosom. I met him and took him to the Governor of Jolo, who was then Captain Pratt, and we held there a conference for three hours, during which he was not courteous and some of the Sultan's servants went to the ash barrels and secured tomato cans to be used as spittoons. The

of the letter and have had the Arabic translated. It reads as follows:

"My Brother, Assistant Secretary of the Government of the Americans:

"I beg to inform you that I should like to have a look at the picture machine that makes a noise. I order to get acquainted with it. I am sure that you will be able to do so by one of the men belonging to your son, the Rajah Muda. Beyond this I wish to send you my best wishes.

"Signed and sealed by

"SULTANA IN-CHY JAMILA."

Captain Hagadorff, in response, took the machine over to her and showed her how to work it. He had some verses of the Koran read to her and she sang the war songs of the Moros. Her Majesty was delighted with it, and she is now especially anxious to have more phonograph cylinders that she may thus record the songs and history of the Moro people.

—R. W. CARPENTER.

Mr. Bryan's eldest child In father's appearance and a great deal portrait, by Atwater, is excellent, but lady, in her girlish way, concluded the hair a la Mercede. The result is interesting that it is not the every-day Ruth of figure, quick and graceful in manner of company she is natural and at home

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sequence of the child, and again with the
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Miss Bryan has many ac-
quaintances here several times



MISS RUTH BRYAN
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ADWATER, JEFFERSON AVENUE

Mr. Bryan's eldest child inherits much of his father's appearance and a great deal of his talent. The portrait, by Atwater, is excellent, but the vivacious young lady, in her girlish way, concluded that day to dress her hair a la Meroche. The result is interesting, the drawback being that it is not the every-day Ruth Bryan. She is slender of figure, quick and graceful in manner. In all kinds of company she is natural and at home, talking now with the raffling inconsequence of the child, and again with the well-informed intelligence of the woman. At the Monticello Seminary she is part of every schoolgirl prank, and yet remarkably advanced in all studies. If music were to her career she would, or could, be distinguished. She has a sure memory and a typical piano hand giving every advantage. Miss Bryan has many acquaintances in St. Louis. She visits friends here several times